

STRIKERS ARE OVERAWED.

THEIR SETTLEMENTS SURROUNDED
BY BAYONETS.

Twenty-six of the Supposed Leaders—One Day Given to the Men to Return to Work—Little Increase of the Working Force Yesterday. Except at the Quarry, Where

CROTON LANDING, N. Y., April 10.—Little Italy on the Hill is silent to-night and in the Bowery under the hill there is gloom. Cowed already by the overwhelming military forces which swarm through all the hills about them, the Italian strikers on the new Croton River Dam were to-day completely overawed by the arrest of twenty-six of their number, seven of whom are to-night locked up in the village jail here at Croton Landing, while nineteen, after a long march under military escort and over a mountain road heavy with mud, were put in cars and taken to the jail at White Plains.

The charges against them are rioting, inciting a riot, and carrying, and invoking

were committed late this afternoon by Justice of the Peace George W. Baker. They were brought over here in commissary wagons under an escort of a detachment of the Seventh Regiment. They will be arraigned before Justice Baker to-morrow and sent to White Plains Jail. The nineteen who went to White Plains will be arraigned before Judge Lent. In most of the cases the arrests were made on warrants in which James Stevens, time-keeper of the workmen at the dam, was complainant, although in several cases the Italians were simply held upon suspicion and searched for concealed weapons. When weapons were found they were taken to the station and the

The effect of this vigorous measure upon the Italians in the settlements was profound. The arrests were made with such a display of

series of glistening arms and uniformed men that it stirred the fervid Italian imagination to profound depths and left in its wake a feeling something like terror. The whole affair was admirably managed so far as the military were concerned. Without a word of warning the strikers in their scattered settlements were suddenly meshed in a net which encompassed them and left not a loop hole of escape.

The Seventh Engineers at the Antelope quarry, near Peekskill, all the men under Gen. Roe's command, to the number of nearly a thousand, were involved in the movement. The Troops A and C picketed the road for a mile out from the Bowers over the hills and along the highway. The remaining seven companies of the Seventh and the two Separate companies were thrown out in a thin line surrounding the entire works of the new dam and drawn close up

watched the movement through his field glasses from the Camp Roosevelt headquarters in the contractors' cottage and smiled placidly as one thin blue line after another was outlined against the sky along the ridges of the distant hills. The orders to the men were simple and peremptory. They were told to let everybody into the settlements who wanted to go and not let a soul out unless he had a pass.

movement was understood. Several women who started out to get milk from Purdy's farm up on the west hill were turned back gently but firmly. The soldiers smiled pleasantly at them, but lowered their guns and barred all passage. A forlorn chap with an overcoat on his arm and a battered grip in his hand wondered drearily about, now toward this point and now at that, and seemingly too dazed

would sit down on a bench and drink, and he would wander off in another direction and run up against another glistening gun barrel. As a matter of fact he had nothing to do with the strike. He lives in Haverstraw and he had been up on a visit to some friends in Little Italy. The insistence with which the military

ty-four deputies at his heels, and escorted by all of Company D, with Col. Appleton, Capt. Fiske and a group of handsomely mounted officers at its head, had begun business in

The method of operations was simple, but overwhelming. The Sheriff with Deputies Jarvis, Acton and Saldino led the way. They were accompanied by a squad of eight men of the Seventh. Eight more men lined up on the opposite side commanding the bank at each house.

impressed to manifest the slightest sign of disapproval, much less anger, lined the sidewalks and peered from windows and doorways. Not one of them uttered a word. They were too much preoccupied to remember even to gesticulate.

A little weazened Italian, Sagi Pettinato, with

Landing approached the Powery just in time to be in at the festivities. There was supposed to be a warrant for Sugi. He hesitated but a moment when told to get out of the wagon. But it all proved to be a mistake. The warrant was for another Sugi, and the sheriff came from the deputy sheriff.

and immediately cracks down on the little Italy. The first domitory visit was at the house of the Rotelas. There live the old man Marcello and his two sons Antonio and Angelo. All have been active in the conversational line since the strike began, and Angelo has come to be reputed a leader, although for

But the house of the Rotellas was closed for another cause than fear of arrest when the deputies knocked at the door. A little baby lay dying, as it was supposed, within it, and the priest had been sent for when the sheriff came. There was a delay for a time to give

did not come, and the Sheriff went ahead with his duty. Only one woman was in the room when the door was opened. Not a man was in sight, and nobody could speak English. But in an upper room Marcello and his son Antonio were found. They were handcuffed together

so ill as was thought. It was reported as doing very well an hour or so after the arrest was made. The raid on the Rotella house after all was not very satisfactory, for the one the deputies especially wanted to capture was not there. This was Angelo, the dapper little fellow with the white fedora hat, the brilliant-hued neck-

where to be found, although the deputies ransacked the little law-roomed, two-story house from top to bottom in search of him.

As they were leaving Private Gilman of the seventh squad said he saw a man at an upper window. The deputies went back and made a search, but no Angelo was found for

returned to the street a man who had met and recognized him near the landing village told Sheriff Melloy of the fact. **Ident. Fiske** of the Mount Vernon Separate Company, who, by the way, is also Mayor Fiske of Mount Vernon, in company with

posed fugitive. But Angelo was not running away. After going to the landing he had started back on foot when he was overtaken by a reporter in a carriage who recognized him and offered him a ride for the sake of his views on the strike. So he was joggling comfortably along toward home when Lieut. Fiske

Meantime, house-to-house visitation was continued and five or six more Italians were added to the foreboding little procession in the muddy street. In all the houses a search for

Rides an "D'Sell" Bicycle.
They are safe wheels to ride and are the best value
in New York. 6th Ave., 20th to 21st St.—Add.
